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Poetry.

[From the Evening Post.]

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY "BLANCHE WOODBURY."

Where are the homes, the dear old homes,
The homes as they used to be,
With the frugal wives, and their busy lives,
As they sang right merily,
In their apron check and kerchief'd neck,
Till the distaff of flax was spun,
Then hearty with mirth, round the blazing hearth,
They woke the spirit of fun?

Where the old watch-dog with his lazy jog,
The cushioned mouser his foe,
And Uncle Tim, with his gouty limb
And his beautiful locks of snow.
Then the Christmas "crack" from Santa's pack,
The "bon,bons" beyond compare,
The "hide and seek" and the "blindfold" freak,
Aye! the strut of the wee one there?

When the oaken floor and the quaint-latched door,
That opened to let virtue in,
While health's fresh cheek hid her blushes meek,
And fashion owned modesty kin.
When the Blessed Book knew it's honored nook,
It's power and authority's sway,
When the "sarteay" low and the brief bent "bow"
Were reverence's primitive way?

When white hands lent, to the garments rent,
A beauty unknown before;
And the honest glance ne'er looked askance,
When a creditor passed the door;
When the pattering rain rang the miniature pane,
Or tuneful on the roof, as it fell,
Like tones afar, from a sweet guitar,
Or chimes from some fairy bell.

When the sweet, sweet sight of a holy light
Shone clear from the love-lit eye,
And friendship's band and cordial hand
Were precious in days gone by;
O, the key to the homes, the dear old homes,
The homes as they used to be,
For which we mourn, and hopelessly yearn,
Is but virtues simplicity.

An Interesting Story.

THE FREEBOOTER'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF SCOTLAND.

Long, long ago.

CHAPTER I.

Night was on the waters. The blue sails of the star-studded heavens were occasionally mottled by white clouds, which, rising in the boundless horizon, and careering on the wings of the invisible winds, seemed like angel visitants, soaring upwards again from earth, to the regions of the beautiful. The bosom of the ocean lay as placid as the sweet face of a sinless, sleeping babe; not a ripple broke its mirrored surface, or if there did, it looked as a dream ruffling the slumber of a mighty beauty. Peace had spread her mantle over all. Not a sound disturbed the holy silence, nor could creation have looked more lovely on the first night of its virgin birth. From the broad blue waters rose abruptly the high and rocky island of Cana, in the western highlands of Scotland, formed of rough and precipitous crags, with scarcely a vestige of verdure on their frowning fronts, but thickly inhabited by the gannet and other sea fowls that sojourn there in the security of nature's fastness. On the summit of the island are still to be seen the remains of an ancient castle, which tradition informs us in early times belonged to the family of Glenroy.

It was thus, as nature lay in the arms of midnight, that a small speck was seen to rise on the distant verge of the horizon, and gradually increasing in size, at length assumed the form of a boat or pinnace.—Nearer and nearer it approached, till the figures of two men were distinctly visible.—The first, who, from the sound of his voice, seemed to direct the movements of the other, was a young man of about twenty years of age. His face was perfect in every lineament that betokened manhood's make, yet mingled with those traits of beauty that arise from the virtuous spirit that lights its fire within. His hair was dark and glossy, and fell in matted ringlets down his broad and manly shoulders, over which was thrown a dark green tartar plaid; the folds were fastened on the left shoulder with a massive gold broach, while his lower garments displayed the kilt or philabeg so peculiar to the Celtic character in days of yore; from his waist were suspended two silver inlaid pistols, while a short dirk, richly mounted, completed his warlike equipments. On his brow was placed the peaked Highland bonnet, surmounted by a heron feather.—Such was the personage who guided the rudder of the boat, and in a tone that depicted him a man of superior grade, directed the efforts of the other.

"To the left, Fergus," shouted he. "See, yonder the pine branch blazes brightly."

The Highlander looked askance to where a bright ruddy flame rose on the peak of a crag that towered high into the heavens; then plied his oar with a voice of jocularity, he quaintly remarked, "Is it her eye, or the pine, that burneth brightest!"

"Both, both, my cunning vassal," replied the young chieftain, Ronald, as the boat bounded against the bank of the Island.—Like a wild deer he leaped ashore, and in the next instant was lost in the gloom of a mountain corrie.

Was it to join his brother chieftains in the hour of battle? Was it to hunt the eagle in his mountain eyry, that thus so eagerly sped the youthful Ronald! No! but to meet the blue-eyed Edith, the joy of his soul.—Opposed to her uncle by the most inveterate bonds of hatred—for the younger brother of Ronald had fallen in a feudal skirmish with the clansmen of Glenroy, who, a proud and powerful chieftain, was strongly incensed against the house of Ronald, which disputed his title to "The Lord of the Isles,"—it was only by stealth he could obtain an interview with the object of his affections, the niece of his implacable enemy. Such was the time selected for the scene we have just narrated. We will not detain the reader by a useless detail of the secrecy and danger with which the youthful chieftain stole to the society of his love. Suffice it, they met. On the very summit of a rugged rock were the lovers seated. In the exuberance of their joy, they dreamed not of danger. The still hour of midnight seemed to hallow with its breath of silence their words and vows of endearment. Earth and its sordid feelings were forgotten, the stars of the cloudless skies beamed as in brighter brilliance on their meeting; and life was, to them, one garden of bloom and blossom.

"And you will be mine, my Edith, through weal and through woe, through danger and peril, till the chill hand of death shall sever us?" exclaimed the impassionate youth, as he pressed to his bosom the true and blushing girl. "Tis true your uncle, the proud chief of Glenroy, opposes our union; but were your noble parents alive, my sweet Edith, they would be more generous. Oh! will you be mine!"

"Can you ask it, Ronald!" replied she.—"Have I not plighted my faith before the presence of my God—before him unto whom all secrets are known! Yes, my Ronald, thine till mine eyes are dim in death."

"And as she uttered these words, she extended her right hand to heaven, and looking upwards, seemed to call to witness the spirits of the just, who looked smilingly, as it were, from every star that gemmed the floor of the eternal paradise.

"I do believe thee!" fervently rejoined Ronald, "and look he," he added,—"receive this as the symbol of our eternal faith," at the same moment unclasping the brooch that bound the folds of his tartan.

The maiden received the token, and placing it in her bosom, fell into the arms of her lover. Suddenly a black cloud shot across the disc of the moon—vivid streaks of flame chequered the horizon. The sullen sound of distant thunder was heard—the wind swept past with mournful moan—big drops, the precursors of the coming tempest, fell heavily around, and gloom usurped, in an instant, midnight's reign of glory.

"Ah!" exclaimed Edith, "'tis an evil omen. Take it take it back, my Ronald; the heavens frown in anger upon the gift"

"Foolish girl." he exclaimed, "is it for us alone, think you, that the ruler of the storms seeks now to show his anger! In truth Edith, I deemed you a maiden of a clearer soul. Old Duncan, the seer of second sight, should only be guilty of such superstition. Farewell, my loved one; tomorrow, at the accustomed hour, I shall again be with you. Go! the night-breeze will chill thy tender form;' and he drew her mantle closer around her, and imparted a kiss upon her ruby lips.

"Villain!" exclaimed a voice from some unseen figure that had been a witness of their meeting; and the next moment the report of fire-arms, followed by a deep groan, told that Ronald was the victim. Like a panther from his ambush sprang forward the uncle of Edith; he rushed furiously to the body of the bleeding youth, seized it with herculean strength, and dragging it to the brink of the precipce, hurled it to the depths of the dark, deep ocean.

CHAPTER II.

Three years had rolled away, and all traces of Ronald were effaced; and although suspicions hung heavily on Glenroy, still no distinct proof had been found to fix upon him the crime of murder. The young Edith, refusing all consolation, and wishing not to implicate her only relative—her deceased father's brother—had renounced the world, and retired as a boarder to the convent of Innisfail.

One morning, at this period of our story, a small schooner, with every sheet of sail expanded to the wooing winds, was seen to enter the waters of Canna. The pennon that fluttered from her mast denoted her of Spanish craft; while the bright brass cannon that looked frowningly from her port-holes, told that she was accustomed "to the battle and the breeze." Her crew were attired in a motley mixture of fanciful dresses; while their swarthy faces and brawny frame marked them for men to whom blood and peril were the day-deeds of their lives. As the gallant vessel rode gaily up the bay, she made the welkin echo with her brazen throats of thunder; and many were the surmises of the islanders whence she came and what was her object. Having anchored directfully opposite the castle of Glenroy, a small boat was lowered from her side, and made directly for the shore.

It was manned with six seamen, arrayed in the richest and most fanciful attire. He who appeared to be the leader of the party was, however, even more georgeously attired than the others. On his head he wore a cap of net-work of the brightest crimson, from which, over his left ear, dangled a large golden tassel—a blue and yellow-striped jerkin encased his body—a snow-white shirt similar to those worn by the Greek sailors, richly embroidered, hung in thick folds from the waist to the knee; his hose were of the deepest scarlet, a short boot or buskin enclosed each foot, and was bound tightly at the ankle by a large diamond buckle.—A tartan scarf was thrown loosely around his throat—his dark hair fell in thick masses over his shoulders; while his sun-burnt face and bosom showed that he had been a rover in a sunnier clime. His bearing was bold and daring, while the tone in which he gave his orders to the crew, told that he was accustomed to command.

"Look to your arms!" shouted he, as they reached the shore, and fastened the boat to a large rock that lay on the margin of the bay—"look to your arms. There are sharks here that may show their teeth."

In an instant their cutlasses were gleaming in the air.

"Follow me!" he cried; and leaving the boat in possession of the crew, the party briskly began to ascend a path which led to the castle of Glenroy. The leader applied to his lips a small bugle which hung from his neck by a scarlet riband, and made the glens and mountains of rugged Canna echo and re-echo again. The peaks of the island were in an instant thronged with the clansmen of Glenroy, arrayed in their bright colored tartan customs, which showed like a tinted forest in the rays of an autumn sun.

"By the mass!" said the sea captain—"but this is a gallant sight. I should like to try the powers of these hardy clansmen. What say you, Spalato? what say you, Henriquez!"

The two persons whom he addressed were the next in rank on board the vessel—tall, dark-visaged men—scarred and mutilated from the various conflicts in which they had been frequently engaged.

"Ay, ay," responded Spalato; "but their numbers, senor—the hawk wars not with the eagle. The boldest breast must fall before unequal numbers."

"Sagely spoken, my son of the billow," replied the captain; "but Henriquez thinks otherwise, I can tell by the fire that lights his eye, he would not shrink from the conflict."

Henriquez waved aloft his spotless cutlass, and only replied, "You say right captain." A grasp from the hand of his commander bound them more firmly still in fellowship.

By this time they had reached the summit of the mountain island. The rude fortress of Glenroy stood full before them. On the outward wall paraded some hundred clansmen; while the centre tower and turrets were thronged with warriors ready to do battle, and wondering who could be the strangers who thus fearlessly broke upon their mountain stronghold. A strong oaken gate, thickly studded with bolts of iron, and protected by a portcullis, precluded all entrance; while from the wall hung a rude bugle, formed from the horn of the Caledonian bull, which in those days roamed the monarchs of the Scottish woods. The strangers paused. The strength of the castle, and formidable array of warriors, showed that, although accustomed on their own element to roam as conquerers, yet here they would not achieve so speedy a triumph. The captain approached the gate: he seized the horn, "and blew a blast so loud and shrill," which told he was no stranger to this mode of Highland calling. The ponderous portcullis rose slowly; and Glenroy, followed by a numerous retinue, came forth and briefly demanded the stranger's business.

"It is with Glenroy alone I must speak," said the leader of the party—"alone! free and unguarded—man to man must our interview be held!"

Glenroy looked around to his followers, who reguarded the manner and laguage of their visitors with astonishment.

"What!—do you fear me!" continued the stranger.

A deep blush covered the countenance of Glenroy. A breath had been cast upon the unsullied buckler of his courage, and his hand involuntarily grasped the hilt of his sword. The followers of the stranger, at the sight of this, sprang forward like bloodhounds in defence of their leader. The vassals of Glenroy drew their arrows to the head; they waited but the signal from their leader, and the next moment the feathered shafts would have been buried in the bosoms of the rash crew.

"Hold!" exclaimed Glenroy, "Never shall it be said, that by numbers we overcame a foe;" and he waved his hand for them to retire.

Their bows were lowered to earth, the sinews of their arms relaxed, and their arrows rattled as they again were returned to their quivers. The captain, with a look, told his followers to stand back. Slowly and reluctantly, as if disappointed in the dearest calling of their souls, they passed to a distance, and Glenroy and the stranger stood face to face. A breathless silence ensued. Conjecture, wonder, and suspicion were busy in the soul of Glenroy. Revenge! deep, insatiable revenge, alone occupied that of the stranger. He was the first to break the silence.

"You know me not!" said he, keenly eyeing Glenroy.

"No! No traces of your feature dwell in my memory—no sounds of your voice are familiar to my ear," replied the chieftain.

"Indeed! Yet we have met before—we have seen the sun-ray kiss the night tears from the heather—we have chased the deer over moor and mountain, and heard the pibroch rise on the gale, as we have shared in the conflict."

"So say you?" exclaimed Glenroy.—"When—where? I can call no sign to memory to remind me of our meeting."

"Follow me!" cried the stranger, and he made a motion to move.

"Whither?" said Glenroy.

"To a spot dear to thy memory and mine."

They passed on—the stranger leading the way—and though dangerous and intricate, yet from the apparent ease with which he threaded it, he showed that he was no stranger to the path. On the summit of one of the crags that overlooked the ocean, he suddenly halted, and turning to Glenroy, exclaimed, "Here pause we!" and as he spoke he looked on the broad bright sky, then on the face of boundless deep, where, like an albatross slumbering in its ocean cradle, his gallant bark swung by its deep embedded anchor. "O, God!" he exclaimed, "scene of my youthful happiness—bitter remembrancer of my blighted hopes;" and like a child he sobbed heavily in the agony of soul.

Glenroy regarded him with wonder and distrust. The memory of the past was busy within him, and remorse and terror clung to his heart like coiled serpents around their victim

"To what purpose are we here?" asked Glenroy—"why this emotion!"

"Canst thou ask!" replied the stranger, in the most bitter accents of reproach.—"Thou! destroyer of my peace! Look here!" and he frantically tore open the garment that covered his bosom, and to the horror-stricken vision of Glenroy displayed the mark of a healed wound.

Glenroy started back in horror. The past was frightfully before him; it looked like the dead returned to life; and he gazed mute and motionless upon the figure of young Ronald, now the pirate captain, and who, in return, sought for retribution on the very spot where, three years before, Glenroy, assassin-like, thought he had destroyed him.

The brand of the rover gleamed fiercely in the air; he spoke not, but looked like the demon of revenge. Glenroy knew that all appeal was in vain; he therefore drew from its scabbard his sword—stern and savage was the combat that ensued—each in his turn sought to be the victor, but the prowess of young Ronald prevailed. Glenroy was thrown prostrate to the earth—his sword was shivered into many pieces. In the exultation of revenge, the conqueror dragged him to the very precipice from which he himself had been hurled.

"Mercy!" shouted Glenroy.

With a giant grasp Ronald held him over the waves. A loud shout rose from the pirate crew, as from the deck of their vessel they beheld the figure of their commander thus triumphant, although, to them, the cause was unknown. Sense forsook Glenroy; he hung lifeless as a corpse in the clutch of Ronald. Revenge was gratified; humbled and helpless he had his enemy at his mercy—and mercy prevailed. He threw the senseless chieftain on the ground wound his bugle for his comrades, and in an appeased yet moody spirit of revenge, sought again his bark of battle.

CHAPTER III.

When Ronald reached the deck of his vessel, his gallant crew thronged around him, anxious to know the cause of the scene they had recently beheld. He spoke not, but walked moodily to and fro. The sun was now high in the heavens, and a brisk breeze came sweeping along, curling the face of the ocean. In an instant, as if struck by some sudden thought, he shouted aloud, "Heave the anchor, and set sail!"

With the speed of the lightning were his orders obeyed; and like a thing of light and happiness the vessel bounded across the waters. On her brow stood Ronald, gazing at the south, as if in expectation of some object whhich should strike upon his eye.—With none held he converse; and seldom and few were his orders. Just as the god of day was descending in his car of glory, the solitary and storm beaten abbey of Innisfail rose upon the sight. For the first time the did he move from his position; and with hurried steps he hastened below. In an instant he again returned, relieved of his weapons of welfare, and with a smile of joy beaming on his face.

The vessel had now neared the shore.—At the command of Ronald the anchor was given to the deep; and accompanied by two of his crew—his favorite Spaniards, Spalatro and Henriquez—he landed on the holy island. At once he directed his steps to the abby. The vesper hymn was sweetly rising on the wings of evening. The gray twilight was drawing its veil across the face of the waters, and the dashing waves rose in mournful murmurs on the ear. Slowly and alone he approached the building; one solitary taper from a little casement mingled its melancholy beam with the receding day and coming night, like the fading eye of departing mortality. Ronald's heart was softened. Boyhood's years were again before him, when, unstained with crime, he placed his hand upon his bosom, and bowed in devotion at tha hallowed shrine. Tears gushed into his eyes, and unconsciously he sunk upon his knees at the postern of the abbey, murmuring, "And yet I thank thee. Heaven! that my hands are unstained with the blood of *him*, my mortal enemy!"

The old porteress from within had beheld his approach, and appearing at the gate, said inquiringly—"Your mission, son?"

"Have you," said Ronald, "a daughter, called Edith Glenroy, in your sacred sanctuary?"

"We have! peace be with her!"

The rover felt as a brand had entered to his soul. Sight and feeling seemed to have forsaken him, and he grasped the door, to save himself from falling.

"The saints be merciful," cried the attendant. "What has befallen thee—what ails thee? What have I uttered that thus thou should'st be sick at thy soul?"

"Nothing, nothing, my good woman," replied Ronald. "A sudden faintness came over me. Is she well! Does she ever think of me? Speak, I conjure thee."

"Of thee, my son! Who! what art thou, that thus should'st ask such questions respecting the Lady Edith?" inquired the old woman, surprised at his singular and almost frantic manner. "Besides," she added, "the Lady Edith, though but a boarder here, has weaned her thoughts from all the affairs of the great world without. But again—who art thou!"

"I am"—he was about to reveal himself, but a moment's reflection caused him to refrain. Then continuing, he said—"Can I not see her? She knows me well—no, she does not *now* know me, but"—he could say no more; the fount of feeling had drowned his utterance, and a stream of tears cursed down his manly face.

The porteress could not divine the cause of his sorrow, and only endeavored to soothe his grief with kind and consolatory words.

"Take this," said Ronald, "take it to her—place it in her own hands, and she will know that one who once was dear to her yet lives and loves her."

It was a small locket, containing the emblem of two hearts united, the first gift of Lady Edith to Ronald. It was a precious one—he had ever worn it next to his heart; in love and in joy, in despair and in hope, in banishment and battle there had this treasure reposed, dearer than the blood-tears of his bosom. And now, when she thought him numbered with the departed—when the world was to her now as a dream—when every hope was gone, but one—yet *that* the best and brightest—her hope in Heaven! again was she to be called back to earthly happiness—again was the bloom of beauty to blush upon her cheek, and the kiss of love to burn upon her lip. The old porteress departed. With tottering steps she sought the apartment of the lady-abbess, and revealed his mission. In silent wonder did the abbess receive the intelligence, and gaze upon the token. Edith, in their moments of converse, had unbosomed to the lady-superior of the convent the story of her early love; and now the abbess knew that it was Ronald, who, like a spirit of the other world, had come to claim her for his own.

"Thy will be done!" ejaculated the holy matron, and at once sought the chamber of Edith.

To describe the feelings of Edith when informed of her errand—of her doubt that it was Ronald who still existed—might be attempted, but weak would be the effort.—They who have felt the pang of seperation from all that was dear to them on earth—who have been unexpectedly restored to the object of their affections at the very moment when even hope appeared to have forsaken them, can best conceive the feelings of the Lady Edith.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "deceive me not. Is he alive! has Heaven yet happiness in store for me! Oh! lead me to his presence. Ronald, thy Edith is yet true to thee."

Leaning on the arm of the abbess, slowly they followed the old porteress to the gate, the threshold of which Ronald's feet might not pass. The shadows of night had fallen thickly upon the world; in a recess stood Ronald lost in the intensity of his feelings. The soft steps of the party scarcely disturbed the silence that reigns around.—The abbess consigned the trembling Edith to the support of the aged domestic; and advancing to Ronald, softly ejaculated, "Benedicite, my son!"

He started at the sound, and beholding the abbess, fell upon his knees.

"Rise," she said. "It is not for me to oppose what Heaven itself has decreed; thou hast passed through the furnace, and thy reward awaits thee. Edith approach!"

Edith raised her head which till now had rested on the shoulder of the old porteress. The moon at the same moment burst forth in its majesty of radiance; the faces of the two lovers met each other's gaze.

"Edith Glenroy?" exclaimed the enraptured youth. A loud scream burst from the maiden and the next moment she lay senseless on the bosom of her lover.

That night beheld her on board the rover's bark, and the first beams of the morning saw her before the tower of Canna. Brief was the message that Ronald sent to he uncle; and brief was the answer that was returned—"*Peace and Welcome!*"

That noon beheld the nuptials of the long-parted lovers in the chapel of the castle; and at the same altar did Glenroy and Ronald swear eternal friendship. The bread was broken and the cup was drained; and long and loud were the shouts of joy that arose, and deep and fervent were the blessings showered on the gallant Ronald and his lovely Edith.

The reader will naturally ask, how came the lover to be the roving captain? The question is easily answered. The night on which Glenroy hurled Ronald from the cliff, the pirate-bark was cruising in the bay of Canna. A party of her crew had landed close to its base for the purpose of reconnoitering, when the splash of the body in the water attracted their attention, and having recovered it—for the deep folds of the Highland costume buoyed it on the surface—they found that life was not extinct. They bore it to their vessel, and when Ronald awoke to consciousness, he found himself careering over the blue waters of the ocean. No alternative was now presented to him but to embrace their lawless life. His noble form and daring soul soon raised him to the command; and seizing the first opportunity to visit the scene of his love and injury, it was, as in the tale described; he gratified his revenge. With regard to Edith, in one of the Spanish islands he encountered a priest, who, in his pilgrimage, had visited Innisfail. In his discourse he happened to mention her name. Curiosity led Ronald to inquire the minute particulars, and this was the clue to the discovery. It is almost needless to add, that from the hour of his nuptials with Edith, he renounced the life of a rover. Peace and plenty were offerred to the remaining crew to leave their calling; but the dull life of the landsman accorded not with their feelings. The broad sea, the black flag, and the clearing cutlass were light and music to their soul; and the same night that beheld Edith and Ronald united, beheld them again on their path of peril and of death.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Detroit Free Press]

The Nunnery affair at Boston.

Protestantism in this country will soon have need of inserting in its litany words like these—From the follies and wickedness and atrocities of our own professed friends, good Lord deliver us. The late decent of a gang of know nothing members of the Legislature of Massachusetts upon a Catholic school near Boston, in the name of Protestantism, has, so far as an individual body of men could do it, degraded Protestantism in the eyes of the universe. That Protestantism will wash its hands of it—that it will condemn and repudiate the act, as a reproach that it cannot bear, and has no disposition to bear—we have already evidence in comments of the Protestant press.

The affair is the legitimate results of introducing religious questions into popular elections. Catholicism is complained of because of its intolerance, but the grand idea of the new politico-religious party which has sprung up to put down Catholicism is intolerance. It tolerates nothing but its own oath and its own edicts. Never has there been such an act of Catholic intolerance in America as that perpetrated on behalf of Protestantism near Boston, the other day, at the command of an arbitary know nothing majority. And this intolerance was a State matter. From the ballot-box, religious questions had been carried to the halls of legislation; and a legislative majority, where religion is a State matter, never resist the temptation of wielding the power of the State for the elevation of their own creed, and the depression of another creed. They did not resist in this case, but exercised the power they had, not only in the most arbitrary but in the most shamefully indecent manner—in a spirit which, were it to become prevalent, would destroy civil as certainly as it would religious liberty. This first aggression of one creed upon another, aided by the civil power, may well operate as a warning to every class of religionists against ever wielding a club which may at any moment be turned upon themselves.

The *Boston Daily Advertiser*, which, by the way, is a whig paper, furnishes some further facts than those already published by us respecting the proceedings at the Catholic School:

"We ought to say that there was a single clothes press in the house which was not opened by the committee. It was locked, and the superior did not happen to have the key at hand at the moment when the party about her reached it in their course. She was about to procure it, but some of the gentlemen (by this time we suppose convinced of the folly of expecting to find hidden enormities in the closets) said that it would be unnecessary. Several of the party, nevertheless, rattled the door with an amusing incredulity. We are glad to be able to solve their doubts and remove their fears.

We can inform them and the public that that clothes press has since been opened in the presence of a Protestant gentleman from the city of Boston, and proved to contain nothing but clean linen, neatly arranged upon the shelves. There is a sink in the lower part of the building where foul water is poured away, to be conducted to the drain.—This sink is covered with a lid, as is not unusal in houses where neatness prevails.—Several of the visitors in their march lifted up this lid, looking with suspicious eyes, we suppose, to find some immured nun.

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In a small chamber in the house, one of the boarders, a young lady whose parents we believe reside in the island of Cuba, but who is herself an American by birth, speaking English perfectly,—lay in her bed ill. During the day the sister superior had been applying leaches to this sufferer; and the disagreeable operation was scarcely concluded, when the omnibuses drove up and the numerous party alighted.

On receiving the party in the parlor below, the sister superior informed them that one of her pupils was ill, lying in bed in her chamber, and requested them to make as little noise as possible in approaching that part of the house. We need not tell our readers how gentlemen of ordinary refinement and dignity would have behaved in such a case; our business is to tell what these visitors did. On reaching the chamber where the girl lay, the superior stated the fact. Did the "gentlemen" shrink back? No, they pressed forward. One, it is believed, actually entered the room, and at all events several approached within twelve inches of the bedside. The chamber is scarcely larger than a closet, the bedstead is a small iron structure and is placed close to the door; so that the inquisitors without actually crossing the threshold could carry their presence into its privacy.

"What were the feelings of that weak and suffering girl as these rude men hung over her, we shall not attempt to describe They were not content with the view obtained by the ordinary door. She saw two men's heads peering into the room by another door, which was open, at the front of the bed. To obtain this view these two "gentlemen" must have leaned over another bed which stands across the open door-way in an adjoining room. We trust their curiosity was gratified."

AMERICAN SURGEONS IN SEBASTOPOL.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says:

"The four American surgeons now in Sebastopol are beginning to write home very freely, and the letters, some of which appear in Charleston, and others in Providence, go to show that the Russians have passed quite an agreeable winter in Sebastopol, and that the sorties of which we read such terrible accounts are got up, like possum hunts, for amusement. Without these pastimes our young doctors would hardly obtain any practice, and, as matters are they do not complain of being over tasked. During the severe weather the Russians heard but little from the enemy in their front, but occasionally gave them a call to see if they were alive."

A TRIBUTE TO INDUSRY.—Bulwer makes one of his characters in the popular play of the "Carpenter of Rouen," pay the following high compliment to the world's true civilizers: What have they not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they ride as a tamed steed! Are not the elements of fire and water chained to turn it! Have not mechanics opened the bowles of the earth and made its products contribute to our wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the mighty wind. To the wise hey are flood-gates of knolwedge, and Kings and Queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the universe was a great mechanic.

Good Hit.

The following is the best hit we have yet seen at the rediculous and immodest fashion so popular among the ladies, which K. N. Pepper thus alludes to in his "Noad to the Greek Slave:"

"But wat nede has Buty for many articals
or apparrill? how meny ladies you se
wich sertinly thinc as Eva's fashion was the
handyest, but the part giv in to custom
out ov the nateral Kindnis ov theyer hart

Antiquities

Ninevah was 15 miles by, 9 and 40 round, with walls 100 feet high, and thick enough for three shariots abreast.

Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 high, with 100 brazen gates.

The temple of Dianna, at Ephesus, was 429 feet high to support the roof. It was 200 years in building.

The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base cover-11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. 300,000 men were employed in its erection.

The labytinth of Egypt, contains 300 chambers ond 12 halls.

Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. It has 100 gates.

Carthage was 25 miles round.

Athens was 25 miles round, and centained 240,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves.

The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of £100,000 sterling and Nero carried away from it 200 statues,

The walls of Rome were 13 miles a round.

GREAT INUNDATION.—Letters from Rotterdam, Holland, dated in the early part of March, state that accounts had been received from the provinces of Guilderland and North Brabant, that, in consequence of the driving ice of the rivers having fixed itself in various points into barricades, a great inundation had taken place. Seventy villages were submerged; many lives lost; and a vast amount of property destroyed. One letters says it is 144 years since Holland was visited by a similarly destructive flood.

☞ "Nature is ever busy, by the silen operation of her own forces, endeavoring to cure disease. Her medicines are, air, warmth, food, water, exercise, and sleep. Their use is directed by instinct, and that man is most worthy the name of a physician, who most reveres its unerring law."

A CURIOUS WEDDING CUSTOM AT CRANBROOK, ENG.—It is customary here, and in other parts of Kent, when a newly-married couple leave the church, to strew the pathway not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Carpenters walk on shavings—butchers on skins of slaughtered sheep—the followers of St Crispin are honored with leather paring—paper makers with slips of paper—blacksmiths with old iron rusty nails, &c.

Matt. J. Ward who shot the schoolmaster, Butler, is the great lion of the streets of new Orleans. He sports a beautiful span of bay horses, beautifully caparisoned, and a carriage that is brilliant with splendor.

☞ One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time and even extend its consequences into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the only bright spot in it.

☞ A queer genius being asked why he did not go to the funeral of his wife, replied that he could not leave his shop, and that it is always best to attend to business before pleasure.

1855